formation and we walked together—the soldiers, the student, a handful of workers, and I.

The student asked me what they should do next. I said, "Take me to the Soviet. In the morning call the presiding board and pass a formal resolution that, after having checked the charges against me, you have found them insufficient for my detention." The escort was dismissed. I shook hands with the soldiers and thanked them for having rescued me. After a long detour we returned to the Soviet building. Although it was not far from the palace, it seemed the safest place for me. I installed myself in the reading room on a heap of newspapers and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the room was full of men in uniform and I saw Trotsky in front of me, in a quasi-military overcoat. An officer who accompanied him introduced himself. "I am Muralov, in command of the Petrograd garrison. Comrade Trotsky is in command of the People's Army, operating against the forces of the counterrevolution." I shook his hand but refused to shake Trotsky's. The latter said to me, "Citizen Woytinsky, you are prisoner of the revolutionary people, accused of counterrevolutionary conspiracy and mutiny."

I followed the two commanders to their car. The trip from Gatchina to Petrograd took several hours. The highway was barred by roadblocks at many points. It was like driving through an endless military camp. All the forces of the Petrograd garrison, Kronstadt, and the Baltic fleet and scores of thousands of armed workers were concentrated in the area between Gatchina and the capital—an array of some two hundred thousand or more armed men.

I was taken to the Smolny and locked in one of the rooms converted into a temporary detention depot.

BEHIND BARS AGAIN

The detention depot in the Smolny was as good an observation point as any. Soldiers and sailors brought in suspects. Other soldiers and sailors sifted them. Some few were released, others were sent to regular jails.

The coup in Petrograd aroused sullen disapproval among the peasants and misgivings among a large part of the workers in the province. Government officials and employees, from top to bottom, refused to recognize the new government and struck against it. The Council of the People's Commissars remained essentially a military junta. The country was plunged into anarchy, and armed gangs were formed in Petrograd to quell and conquer it.